

## Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, MISSOURI.

### THE OLD RAIL FENCE.

Oh, these blithesome boyhood days  
When every little sorrow  
Had its joy to recompense,  
Exceeding just one grief  
That never found relief  
From the terror of the "Old Rail Fence."

As soon as spring had come  
With the sunshine glowing warm,  
A fear began to haunt us  
And we waited in suspense,  
For we knew that it was coming  
With the yellow hammer's drumming,  
The moving of that "Old Rail Fence."

Through the warm bright days of spring  
The birds might build and sing,  
But all of this, for us,  
Was of little consequence.  
For what was springtime's joy  
To a luckless farmer boy  
Working at an "Old Rail Fence?"

When, midst summer's toil and strain  
There came a friendly rain  
With its ever glad promise  
Of a day of indolence,  
It only found us wishing  
That we, too, might go a fishing,  
While fixing up some "Old Rail Fence."

Then come drowsy autumn days  
With their cobwebs and their haze,  
When all nature seems a resting  
From harvest's toll intense,  
But our muscles can't relax  
For we must fence the stacks,  
Fence them with an "Old Rail Fence."

The "Old Rail Fence" is passing;  
Oh, quickly speed the day  
When the last rail  
Forever shall go hence;  
No tears of mine would flow  
If I might look on the glow  
Of the embers of the last "Rail Fence!"  
—Fannie Farmer.

### Cupid, Brass Buttons and a Game of Hearts.

By ADELE VINCENT.

MRS. DURANT WICKLOW was always the center of a group of social aspirants, anxious to catch a glance of recognition or a word of commendation, upon which the sycophantic element of the world of frivolity so eagerly depends.

After much elbowing and pushing, which resulted in the detachment of yards of chiffon ruffling from its foundation, producing thereby ruffling effects upon the temper of the young lady in question, Elizabeth Magruder, upon the arm of her escort, made her way into the circle of which Mrs. Wicklow was the object of attraction.

To the left of her Elizabeth was aware of the presence of a tall, broad-shouldered man of unusual bearing, wearing the insignia in rank of captain in the United States army.

"Oh! pardon my thoughtlessness, my dear Elizabeth—allow me to present to you my cousin, Capt. Trentshaw," said Mrs. Wicklow. After an exchange of commonplaces which follow the formalities of an introduction Capt. Trentshaw bowed most profoundly and requested the honor of the next dance. To this proposition Elizabeth smilingly agreed, and soon they were carried by the tide of dancers into the ballroom, and were drifting slowly and smoothly along to the delightful strains of a dreamy waltz.

While at West Point Capt. Trentshaw acquired the reputation of being one of the best dancers in the academy, and after his graduation and entrance into the social realm he continued to sustain the former reputation. In fact, it became a recognized fact, in which his brother officers were fully aware, and which provoked a suspicion of jealousy within the hearts of many.

Little can we censure Elizabeth if she not only encouraged the attentions of Capt. Trentshaw, but displayed decided interest and friendliness in this gallant-looking soldier. After the conclusion of an exhilarating two-step, Elizabeth, somewhat fatigued, determined to rest.

"Come, Miss Magruder, I spy in a distant corner a most comfortable sofa offering an inviting promise of rest." With a sigh of gratification Elizabeth seated herself, gracefully arranging the folds of her gown, and displaying during the process the daintiest little feet in the world in their satin encasement.

"Are you so very tired? I fear it was my clumsiness throughout the dance which has caused you to be so weary. However, I beg you to be lenient, and pardon my awkwardness, for lack of practice, you know, will always show itself, and particularly so in dancing."

"Now, Capt. Trentshaw, are you in earnest when you plead for forgiveness with no feeble cause?" this with an expression of amusement, accompanied by a flattering intonation of voice.

"You are too amiable, Miss Magruder, and the charitable spirit which prompts such speech must be responsible for many a kind deed."

Elizabeth changed the subject to one less personal:

"How long do you expect to stay here, the guest of your very beautiful and fascinating cousin, Capt. Trentshaw?"

"That I cannot definitely answer now, for orders from Washington may arrive at any time, changing my plans. I sincerely trust, however, no such interruption will occur to end the pleasures I am now experiencing—with a meaning look toward Elizabeth. The tete-a-tete was becoming more and more interesting when the little winged messenger of time succeeded in convincing his stubborn little friend, Cupid, that the hour of departure was at hand, and the merry chatter of girls could be heard, as soft wraps were being thrown around their fair young shoulders, and the clatter and clanking of the hoofs of impatient horses as carriage after carriage drew up at the door.

That night, and often afterward, Elizabeth was destined to meet Capt. Trentshaw, first at one social function, then at another, and a feeling of intense interest had arisen between them. Engagements were made for afternoon strolls, where, amid the

beauties of nature's garb, confidences were exchanged.

This friendship Horace Trentshaw valued highly, for Elizabeth, besides her physical charms, possessed mental qualities which made a most congenial and agreeable companion.

But how could he tell her? Would she not think she had been the dupe of his deceptions? And—suppose she cared half as much as he did? But he must banish all such possibilities—be a man—make a clean breast of it—and return to Eleanor, his cold, unemotional wife, ten years older than himself, by whom he had been inveigled into marriage, just after his graduation from the academy.

For a while their marriage had been reasonably peaceful; but this state proved transient, for they were inherently unemotional, and after a year of domestic turmoil, strife and discord, they concluded to end all pretense of affection and to "agree to differ."

Into the lives of all there comes a moment when a question of great import arises or a circumstance bearing direct influence upon our destiny will present itself, and upon one of two courses we are compelled to decide. On this critical occasion two enemies within us are struggling for supremacy; one, presenting to an exaggerated degree our trials and tribulations, the other displaying in tempting comparison all the alluring attractions, while that little censor, conscience, pulls and tugs until it has succeeded in adjusting all its fibers and strings to its own satisfaction.

This trying moment dawned upon Horace Trentshaw, and while it was extremely difficult to banish the vision of Elizabeth from his memory, with all her pliancy and the congenial companionship she offered him, nevertheless, he obeyed the promptings of the guiding voice within. On the following morning, after Horace's determination upon the course he intended to pursue, Elizabeth received the following note, the contents of which ran:

"My Dear Miss Magruder: I find to my regret that I shall be unable to attend Mrs. Glasgow's 'at home' this evening, forfeiting in consequence an opportunity of seeing you. If agreeable, and if you will permit, I shall call this afternoon between four and five. Sincerely yours,

"HORACE S. TRENTSHAW."

Elizabeth's answer to this was cordial and affirmative. Waiting for her expected visitor, she fell into a pleasant, dreamy sort of reverie and Horace was the object of her meditations.

Elizabeth's life had been a happy one, free from all care and responsibility. Elizabeth had received attentions innumerable since her entrance into the social world three years since; but Cupid had planned a more complicated game of "hearts," in which she was destined to play an important role. The time had arrived, for she fully realized that the feeling of friendship she had evinced for Capt. Trentshaw was being stimulated into a deeper sentiment.

Elizabeth was startled from her journey into dreamland by the sharp sound of the electric bell ringing through the house, and a second later the butler brought a card upon a tray.

"It was a good idea of yours," said Elizabeth, "to think of calling this afternoon—really a delightful surprise, but, first, we'll have tea, and then we can talk. Strange how this harmless beverage will loosen the tongue and provoke all manner of confidences."

Horace smilingly assented, but his feelings were undergoing the greatest conflict. Oh, to catch that dainty white hand and to tell her with all the sincerity he possessed of his ardent love for her!—just for one rapturous moment, to take her slight, graceful figure in his arms, and pour forth all love's rhapsodies, and wait her response. Would there be one? he wondered, and yet, he felt intuitively there would be.

"Miss Magruder," he said, "there is a story I want to tell you."

"Oh, do, Capt. Trentshaw; I am always so interested in true stories of real life."

"A bosom friend of mine and a chum during my academy days wrote me a most pathetic letter the other day, telling me something of his life, much of which, however, I was already aware of. The latter part touched me deeply, there being such a ring of genuineness and sincerity in it. Jack was a boy of small means, but he made friends readily, and was a genuine favorite wherever he went. While completing his senior term he became acquainted with a man of very great influence and rank in the army. The friendship and interest of the older and prosperous man of the world towards Jack, then just about to enter the service as first lieutenant, were calculated to flatter him. He decided to avail himself of his friend's invitations to his home. During the occasion of one of these calls he became acquainted with the daughter of the house, a bright young woman, though far from good-looking and fully ten years Jack's senior. This acquaintance gradually ripened, and before long Jack and Ursula Livingston became engaged and were married. Ursula's love for Jack was largely compounded of jealousy, which she poorly concealed, and lack of harmony soon manifested itself, and life became unbearable to both. Jack soon realized that what he had mistaken for love on his part had been only a fascination of the hour. Life together grew more and more discordant, and finally they agreed to end all hypocritical show of affection and to endeavor to live upon merely a friendly basis. This plan, Jack wrote, succeeded fairly well, but Ursula's temper broke out violently on many occasions, and she spent half her time visiting her relatives and friends. Meanwhile Jack, chewed the cud of discontent and was the victim of melancholia. Now for the part in which he solicits my counsel. It appears he has become acquainted with a young woman of unusual merit, and her companionship has proved so congenial that he pursued it, and soon became dependent upon it. In other words, the poor fellow met the one woman who was intended to be his loving helpmate from the beginning of existence, yet he is so flattered that he does not like even to hint of his feelings. She is unaware of his marriage, and while he has never posed as unencumbered, still he has

never enlightened her as to his condition. Now he wishes to know whether he should make a clean breast of the situation and leave her, or just keep on as he has been doing. What would you suggest, Miss Magruder? Your ideas are so clear and your judgment so good."

"The situation is so very complicated, it seems difficult to say what would be the wiser course."

"My sympathies," continued Elizabeth, "naturally go out toward the poor, misunderstood wife, for she may be heart-broken over the lost love of her husband, while pride compels her to wear a mask of indifference."

"Of course, there is unquestionably right and wrong on each side, Miss Magruder; that is indisputable; but that is not the point in question. He wants to know whether to apprise the object of his love of his affection for her or drift on in the old, delightful way."

"Well, if he tells her of his love, he should not expect of her to betray the state of her feelings, do you think? For what good could possibly come of it?"

"Exactly so," leaning forward in his chair more eagerly. "I agree with you. Suppose I should tell you the case is not that of a friend, but—that it concerns myself, and that you are the heroine of this tragic little story? Yes—Elizabeth—it is yourself. I am most miserable. You may reproach me with scornful glances, for I should have concealed my love for you—buried it under an indifferent exterior—but, oh, Elizabeth! I could not. I love you with a pure love, and I ask nothing of you in return except your good opinion. You shall see me no more. Your bright sky shall not be darkened by the cloud of my unhappiness, and the love I bear you shall never burden you."

During Horace's passionate outburst Elizabeth sat motionless, but an observer could not have failed to detect a quiver of the nostrils, the clenched hands and the pallor of her face and brow, all revealing intensity of feeling and suppressed emotion.

"Have you nothing to say, Elizabeth? Do you mean to condemn me in silence?"

Horace had risen. "One word, Elizabeth, is all I ask. Say you forgive me, and my sufferings will be lessened."

Still she sat immovable with a cold, fixed expression.

Horace moved to the door, when with a cry Elizabeth sprang toward him, faltering, "I forgive! But you, and I, must forget."

No land was discernible as far as the eye could reach; naught interrupted that great expanse of sky and sea as "Laughing Water" sped over the mighty waves, to the tropics bent, bearing a number of passengers on missions of pleasure, in interests of business, in quest of health, or prompted by the curiosity of the tourist.

Elizabeth Magruder, seated in a stateroom, lazily watched the gorgeousness of the tropical sunset, and unconsciously turned the leaves of her diary, when a sudden gust of wind caused several pages to become detached and to flutter out, scattering themselves to the far end of the deck. With an exclamation of regret, she immediately hurried to collect the missing sheets, and was assisted in her efforts by a gentleman. His back being turned during the process, she was prevented from obtaining a glimpse of his countenance, though there was a certain familiarity about his pose and general bearing.

"Allow me to—why! Miss Magruder! Who would have thought of meeting you? Fate is determined to throw us together."

Elizabeth replied with a few coldly formal words of thanks, showing Capt. Trentshaw the attitude she intended to maintain toward him.

Elizabeth's feelings were painful indeed, upon discovering the presence of Horace Trentshaw on board the steamer. What right had he to force himself upon her, after these three years, and after all her struggles to blot him from her mind? Cruel! Yes, it was nothing else—and she made up her mind to remain in her stateroom and to avoid encountering him.

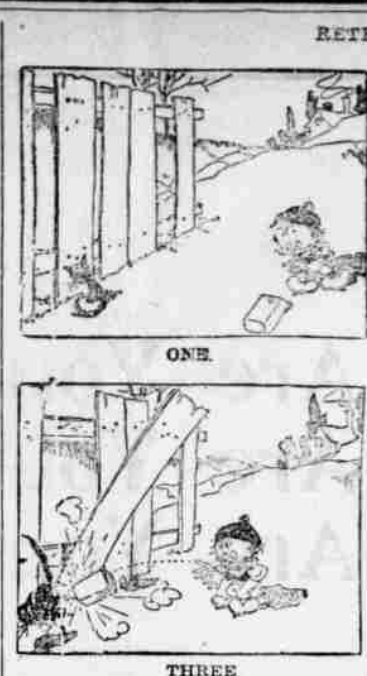
This determination was carried out, and nothing more had she seen or heard of Capt. Trentshaw. The boat was making for Porto Cortez, S. H., after having left Belize, B. H., and from information gathered from the maid, Elizabeth was under the impression that Capt. Trentshaw had left the steamer. With a sigh of relief she mounted the deck. The young moon was shedding its silvery reflection upon the beautiful Bay of Honduras, and all was bathed in its mellow light.

Leaning over the rail of the deck, enjoying the invigorating splash of spray, stood Elizabeth. Standing a few feet to her right and a trifle to the rear, so as not to be observed by her, Horace Trentshaw stood watching her with an intensity of longing and an expression of unutterable pain. Softly approaching, he placed his hand upon that of Elizabeth and held her thus a trembling prisoner.

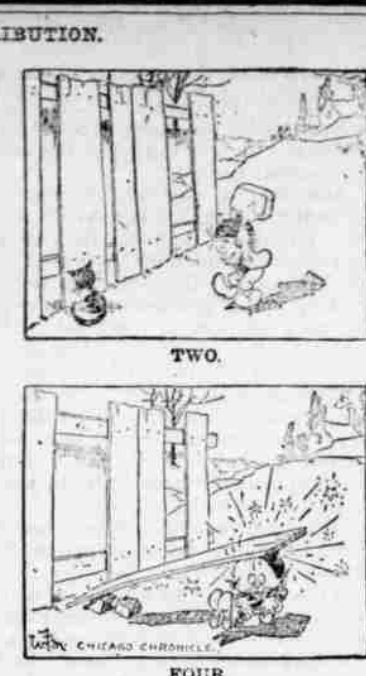
"Elizabeth, the time has come when you need avoid me no longer—and you must listen to what I have to say. We parted three years ago. I was a brute then, Elizabeth, and confessed a love which I could not honorably offer you. You, with your gentle, noble soul, understood and sympathized with the temptations to which poor, frail humanity is heir. You forgave me—and—bade me—forget—Oh, God, if I could have forgotten! Time dragged slowly and uneventfully along in maddening monotony; occasionally my cousin would hint of your existence and whereabouts in her letters, which were few. Thus it continued until six months ago, when Eleanor died after a long, tedious illness. I learned through my cousin of your absence from the city, and that you were traveling, so I determined to find you, Elizabeth. My ardent love has guided me. Accept it, dear one, and know it has been strengthened and purified in the crucible of patient yearning."

Elizabeth's gaze turned again upon the distant horizon, and though at first she did not speak, her slender form trembled.

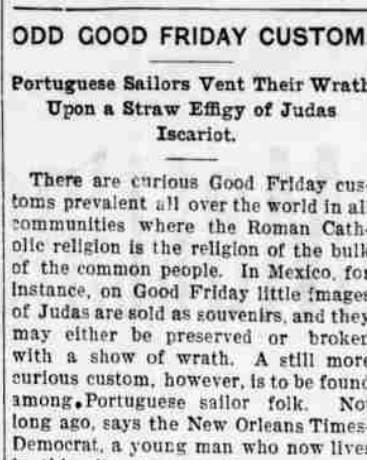
Turning to Horace with an expression of tender sympathy, she placed her two hands upon his shoulders and said: "To forgive was easy, Horace, but to forget was impossible."—N. O. Times-Democrat.



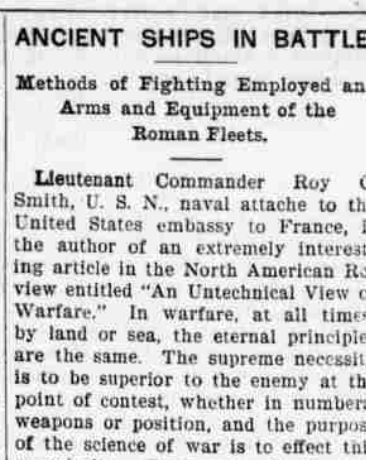
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FOUR

### ODD GOOD FRIDAY CUSTOM.

Portuguese Sailors Vent Their Wrath Upon a Straw Effigy of Judas Iscariot.

There are curious Good Friday customs prevalent all over the world in all communities where the Roman Catholic religion is the religion of the bulk of the common people. In Mexico, for instance, on Good Friday little images of Judas are sold as souvenirs, and they may either be preserved or broken with a show of wrath. A still more curious custom, however, is to be found among Portuguese sailors folk. Not long ago, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat, a young man who now lives in this city was spending a spring on the levees at the mouth of the Mississippi with the engineer of those useful embankments, and on the Thursday of Holy Week a Portuguese bark moored against the levee to await the tide the next day to carry it up the river to New Orleans. On the Good Friday morning he and the engineer went aboard this bark at the invitation of the captain to witness the Good Friday celebration of the crew.

A life-size straw effigy of Judas had been constructed in the night, and now was suspended from a cross-tree, a bag labeled "Thirty Pieces of Silver" in its hand. This effigy was so suspended that it could be lowered from one cross-tree, falling by the side of the ship and trailing through the water, and then raised to the cross-tree of the foremast. Two sailors, one below either cross-tree, pulled the ropes that swung it, and as soon as the Americans had arrived the rest of the crew gathered at the gunwale and gave the signal to swing down Judas.

As the effigy passed by the rail the crew, armed with boat-hooks, prodded and tore at its body with cries of rage and imprecation, and again stabbed at it as it rose, dripping and soggy and yawn, from the water and swung up to the other cross-tree. Again the effigy descended by the rail, and again the crew shouted and tore at it with their boat-hooks. This was repeated until the effigy was entirely demolished and the remnants of its clothes and the broken pieces of the straw were drifting out on the waters of the Mississippi.

### PRAIRIES BECOMING WOODS.

Railroads and Government Unite in Foresting the Plains of Kansas.

The largest area of timber land in Kansas is the Yaggy tract of 500 acres, near Hutchinson, says the New York Sun. This has been under cultivation for 12 years. In that time \$30,000 worth of posts have been sold and \$30,000 worth more are ready to be taken. All of this production has been secured simply by thinning out the trees where the growth has been too thick, and all of the largest trees are still left for future profit. This gives an idea of the immense profit in reforestation.

In this work the railroads have joined hands with the government and the land owners. Twenty of them are annual contributors to the National Society of Arboriculture, and most of them carry on independent reforestation. The government has had experts in the field in recent years drawing plans for wood lots and suggesting the proper trees. These men have also been studying natural reproduction with a view to controlling it for practical use or assisting it where desirable.

The catalpa is coming into more general favor as a profitable tree. It is of rapid growth and great durability. It puts on about an inch of diameter each year, so that at the end of 16 years good sawlogs are produced. Much of it brings higher prices than walnut, some selling as high as \$100 a thousand feet. The forest reserves up in the sandhills of western Nebraska have proved a big success. While the land will never be available for farming, the planting of trees there has had the effect of holding the surface water and doing it out to the adjacent lands so that many hundreds of acres have been reclaimed.

### Circumstances Alter Cases.

Ex-Queen Ranaavalona, of Madagascar, banished by the French to Algeria, until recently hated all things French. Not long since, however, after undergoing a "cure" on the continent she was permitted to spend some days in Paris. There she was made much of, Madame Calve sang to her, and she was entertained by all. The result has been that the ex-queen is now in love with Paris, and entirely forgets her exile in looking forward to another visit.

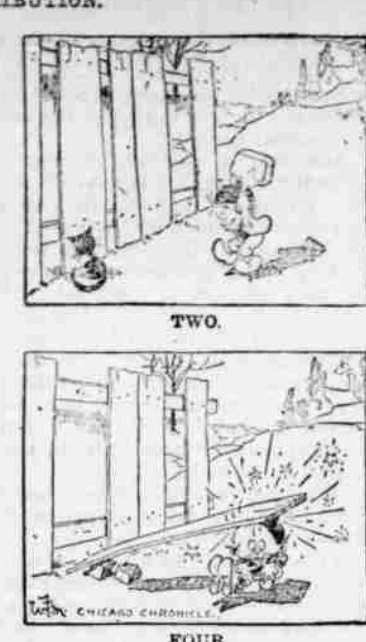
### No Old Maids in Siam.

There are no old maids in Siam, for there all the girls marry, and woman is not considered to have attained her highest estate till she has become a mother. Then she has reached the pinnacle of honor. The chief wife is the first wife and she may not be sold, but if her husband desire to be rid of her he must divorce her according to the law.

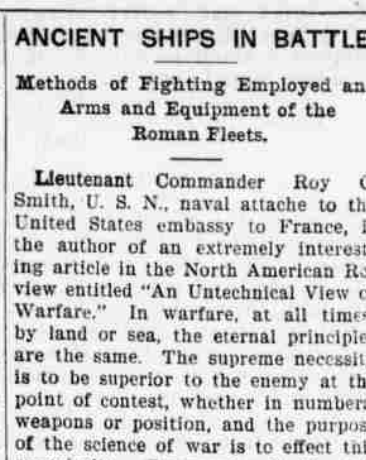
### Exercise for Sailors.

At the naval academy of Japan one hour daily is devoted to the most rigorous exercise, and naturally the sailors are a particularly hardy lot.

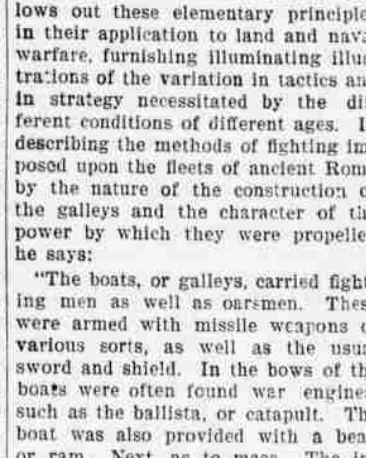
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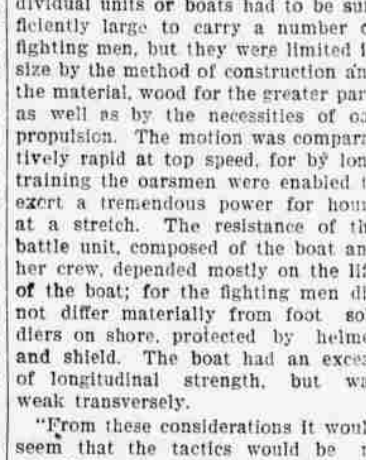
ONE



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FOUR

Methods of Fighting Employed and Arms and Equipment of the Roman Fleets.

### Town Without Town Officers.

Spokane, a town in the western part of the Creek nation, is the only town of 1,000 population in the territory that has no town officers. The people there say they have no need of officers, and do not want any. They pay no taxes, and whenever they want any public improvement they call a meeting of citizens and raise the money. A deputy United States marshal is located there, and is all that is needed to keep the peace. There is not a gambler or gambling house in the town, and the people will not permit them. They need a schoolhouse, so the people not together and built a good two-story building for that purpose.—Fort Worth Record.

### Hamlet at Singapore.

I saw "Hamlet" played by and adapted for Malays at Singapore. It was sung instead of spoken, and mostly in English tunes. Hamlet addressed the Ghost to the tune of "Her Golden Hair," and killed Polonius to "Listen to the Band." Polonius addressed his son to "That's English, you know," and with the King and Queen, sang "Mary Was a Housemaid" to other words. The ghost scene included three ghos, two clowns and a bottle of whisky.—Sydney Bulletin.

### Ought to Be Rich.

"I ought to be rich," said the prisoner, regretfully.

### Why?

"Because they say time is money, and the judge just gave me ten years."—Chicago Post.

### Balance Wars.

At the Hotel Drouot, in Paris, a short time ago, a dish of old Roman faience with blue and red decorations brought \$1,181. A hollow dish of old Roman style realized \$253, and another decorated with blue cupids, brought \$243.

### Knew His Business.

Mrs. Platt (angrily)—Oh, you think you know a lot, don't you?

Mr. Platt (calmly)—Well, I ought to. My dear, I've been in the real estate business ten years.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Along the Route of the Panama Canal

The American Commission Will Follow Somewhat Different Lines from that of the French Company.

THE Panama canal is still a thing of engineers' estimates. The impression prevails quite largely that the work done on the big ditch by the two French companies has gone a long way towards completing it, and that what remains for the United States to do is to put upon it the finishing touches. And it would seem as though nearly \$300,000,000 sunk in the gigantic undertaking by the De Lesseps company and its successor, the company from which the United States purchased the canal property for \$40,000,000, ought to make a splendid showing of work completed, but the fact of the matter is that the biggest part of the work still remains to be done.

Of the 77,000,000 cubic yards of excavation which has been completed up to the present time, only 39,586,332 cubic yards will be of any value or use to the United States. De Lesseps planned a tide-level canal. Mountains and hills were to be melted before the dredges and shovels and the army of workers, and a ditch cut out which would be free from locks from Colon on the Atlantic to Panama on the Pacific. Work was carried on at three points: At either end and in the middle. On the Atlantic side from Colon to Bohio, about 15 miles, the canal has been completed through the low-lying country. From Panama on the Pacific side to Mira-

is in the hands of Chinamen. It is probable that when the United States comes into control of the canal property and begins active operations that the town will undergo great changes. The town has the advantage of natural drainage, and with the sanitary rules and regulations which the United States will be certain to enforce the place will be made perfectly healthful.

While the name Culebra is applied to the mile of heaviest work on the canal, it is used as a general appellation for the eight-mile section that will separate the proposed lake of Bohio from the Pedro Miguel locks on the Pacific side. There is some very hard rock at the upper end of the work, but the greater portion consists of a hard indurated clay, with softer material at the top and some strata and dikes of rocks. This cut has been estimated on the basis of a bottom width of 150 feet, with side slopes of one on one. With the provision for broad beaches on the side and drainage of all the land above the masonry wall of the canal it is believed that landslides, such as that which occurred a few weeks ago, will be avoided.

The estimates of the American isthmian canal commission place the amount of material to be removed from this Culebra cut at less than eight miles at something like 43,237,200 cubic yards. It will probably take eight years to finish the excavation and construction of the lining walls of masonry and the locks. This work will cost \$44,414,460. In addition to this will be the locks at Pedro Miguel, which will cost \$9,081,000. Less than two miles below Pedro Miguel, at Miraflores, will be constructed another set of locks, which will cost \$6,000,000 more. From that point on to the harbor at Panama, the canal is practically completed.

From Culebra northward, where is encountered the section on which most of the work on the canal has been done, the route of the ditch is marked by vast accumulations of machinery of every possible kind. A correspondent of the New York Herald, who recently visited the isthmus and inspected the entire route, says that "it would impress the casual observer that everything had been bought by thousands where only scores could be by any possibility be required. Some of this material may be utilized, but a great portion of it is worthless. The little locomotives are said to be in a fair condition; the dumping cars that have not been in

lores, the canal has also been completed, a distance of something over seven miles. In the middle and higher section of the canal the work was carried on for many years, with the sea-level canal in view. Here is where practically half of the work which has been done on the canal has been thrown away.

The plans of the American engineers call for a system of four locks, one at Bohio, where an immense dam will be constructed as part of the locking system; another at Obispo, over 13 miles away; a third at Pedro Miguel, eight miles farther on the route to the Pacific, and a fourth at Miraflores, at which point vessels will enter the canal at the sea level of the Pacific. Between Bohio and Obispo there is to be formed a lake 13 miles long, with an area of 43 square miles, and an elevation of 85 to 90 feet above mean tide. The Chagres river will pour its torrent into this lake and maintain the depth of water which will be necessary. This lake will afford vessels the opportunity of anchorage. According to the plans, the velocity of the currents in the narrowest part of the lake should not exceed two feet per second. This lake will be formed by the building of a dam at Bohio, and this with the double flight of locks will require an outlay of \$11,500,000.

The section between Obispo and Pedro Miguel, a distance of less than eight miles, is known as the big cut. This is the section of the Cordilleras which the canal encounters. The highest point of the Cordilleras will be 286 feet above the bottom of the canal when it is completed. It is in this section that the work of the French canal company has been prosecuted during recent years. About 700 men have been kept busy up to the present time and it is said that until about a year ago the force ranged from 1,500 to 3,600 men and the amount of material taken out averaged 1,000,000 cubic yards annually.

Maj. William M. Black, of the engineer corps, United States army, with a corps of helpers, has been watching the work done by the French company since the American commission recommended the purchase of the company's property. He has made a special study of the isthmus and is now engaged in preparing an elaborate report to lay before the new commission embodying many suggestions. It is said that he is an earnest advocate of a tide-level canal, taking the stand that a lock canal could not offer the same strategic advantages, and that in the event of war one man with a stick of dynamite would be able to destroy the locks and prevent joint operations of the American fleets in the Atlantic and the Pacific. Maj. Black and his associates have made their headquarters in some of the few good buildings which are outside of the town of Culebra, in the cultivated patches. Culebra's population is largely made up of Jamaica negroes, brought hither by the De Lesseps company when it began to dig the canal. Most of the business, however,

### Had Seen Better Days.

Bob—Gosh, Rob, where'd you raise up those seedy old shoes?  
Rob—Why, man, those are my patent leathers.  
Bob—But the patent has expired, eh?  
—Yale Record.

### An Artificial Maid.

Madge—When he proposed she asked for a little time to make up her mind.  
Marjorie—Oh, so she makes that up, too.—Town Topics.

### Thoroughness.

"What are the duties of the United States senate?" inquired the visitor from abroad.  
"You see," said the man who now admits that he can't tell you all about everything, "there is invariably a great deal to be said on both sides of any question."  
"Yes."  
"Well, it is the business of the senate to see that it is all said."—Washington Star.

THE CHAGRES RIVER NEAR MATACHIN ON LINE OF CANAL.

A STREET IN CULEBRA VILLAGE.